

Another Little Child Has Shriveled Up and Died



HE mother, creeping back, gaunt and cold, from the desert, has put down the thin little bones with those that strew the road, so—many—miles, and has sunk down beside them, never to rise again.

Only a little child, and a mother, out there on the bleak Armenian road—but what is that Vision hovering there—and what is that Voice the cold winds bear to the ears of our souls—“I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat—I was naked, and ye clothed me not.”

Today—yes, today, while we are preparing our gifts for CHRIST-mas—many more of these little children—not a hundred, nor a thousand, but two hundred and fifty thousand of them—are still wandering uncared for and alone in that dead land, “their weazened skins clinging in fear to their rattling bones,” and they are crying out with gasping breath, “I am hungry!—I am hungry!—I am hungry!” And the Voice of One who watches us as we prepare our gifts to celebrate His birthday comes again to the ears of our souls—“I am hungry!—I am hungry!—I am hungry!”

Now the children, and the mothers, in Armenia are dreading the winter. “Just human remnants, they are, not protected, many of them, from the elements by even the dignity of rags. The most favored have merely shredded rags.” How shall we sing our Christmas songs—and laugh—and light the candles—and give beautiful gifts—while that pleading Voice cries in the ears of our souls—“I am naked—and cold—naked—and cold.”

BUT WE CAN feed and clothe these perishing ones—some of them—before it is too late. Word is cabled from the Caucasus: “It is impossible that the loss of 200,000 lives can at this day be prevented, but the remaining 500,000 can possibly be saved.” They need not starve, and freeze, and die if we will save them. But oh, hurry, hurry! “The Armenians are dying so fast from starvation and disease that the grave diggers fall exhausted at their work.” In the name of Him who saw the multitude “as sheep not having a shepherd, and was moved with compassion toward them,” and exclaimed to His disciples who would turn them away, “they need not depart; give ye them to eat!” open now *your* heart and purse to *these* suffering ones. **They need not die! Give ye them to eat!**

He fed five thousand hungry people in the wilderness—and said to His followers: “The things that I do shall ye do also, and greater things than these shall ye do.” Today nearly eight hundred thousand destitute Armenians—His people—need food and clothing.

He took little children in His arms and blessed them. Today will you take these sad, cold, hungry little children of Armenia into **YOUR** arms and heart, in His name, and give them food, and warmth, and life?

What a joyful Christmas it will be when, with your songs and your laughter, you hear a Voice of wondrous sweetness speaking to you, “O ye blessed of my Father, I was hungry and ye gave **ME** meat. I was naked and ye clothed **ME**. Inasmuch as ye have done it to these My brethren, ye have done it to **ME**.”

Our own inquiries have convinced us of the desperate and immediate urgency of this need. It cannot be overstated. Not a day must be lost. We have satisfied ourselves that every dollar of these funds will go without delay to the relief work for which it is given, that it will be wisely and lovingly administered, and that not one cent of it will be deducted for organization expenses. It is impossible to refuse, therefore, the utmost help, and although we have twice before given largely, we are now subscribing five thousand dollars in this Christmas drive. Send your contribution quickly and find your sweetest Christmas joy in this act of giving life, and food, and shelter to those whose only hope of ever receiving these things is now centered in you.

Send your check at once to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, Near East Relief, Room 190, No. 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

This appeal is reprinted in this newspaper with the confident hope that the sympathetic hearts of its several hundreds of thousands of readers will respond quickly with thousands of checks made payable to Mr. Dodge.